

GRAND NEW SERIAL BEGINS TO-DAY ON PAGE 11

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1923

One Penny.

DIAMOND SCULLS HOLDER BEATEN AT HENLEY



W. M. Hoover, the American holder of the Diamond Sculls, was beaten yesterday



Gollan, after his victory, is helped ashore by Tom Sullivan, the celebrated oarsman, who helped to train him.



D. H. L. Gollan, of Leander, beating W. M. Hoover in the Diamond Sculls by three-quarters of a length.



Trinity Hall, Cambridge, easily beating Bedford Modern School in the fourth heat of the Ladies' Plate.

Henley's opening yesterday promised well for the famous regatta. The weather was bright and warm—altogether summery—and on the lawn of Phyllis Court many delicate gowns of white and cream gave daintiness to the scene. As for the racing, there was a

surprise at the very start, suggesting a thoroughly interesting meeting. W. M. Hoover, the American holder of the Diamond Sculls, was not expected to retain them, but his defeat in his first heat was a great surprise.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

AMERICANS IN TENNIS FINAL.

Johnston Beats Norton and Will Meet Hunter.

Mile. LENGLEN'S WIN.

Semi-Final Victory Over Mrs. Beamish in 20 Minutes.

An all-American final in the men's singles championship will follow from yesterday's tennis semi-finals at Wimbledon, in which W. M. Johnston and F. T. Hunter were successful.

B. I. C. Norton offered a clever and plucky fight against Johnston, who won 6-4, 6-2, 6-4. He has probably never played a better game.

F. T. Hunter defeated F. Gordon-Lowe, the English hope, 6-3, 7-5, 4-6. Lowe played with excellent judgment, but Hunter was too strong and accurate.

Mile. Lenglen beat Mrs. Beamish in two love sets, and will next meet Miss McKane in the final of the women's singles.

NORTON'S BOLD FIGHT.

Conquered at Last by Terrific Drives of Johnston All Over Court.

By SUZANNE LENGLEN.

What a clever and plucky fight Norton offered against Johnston!

Although the American finished the winner and reached the final, where he is to meet his compatriot Hunter, it really seemed at the beginning that Norton was going to give the game of his life. And in many ways I do not think I have seen him do better.

Early in the match, indeed, it looked just possible that he might take a set, but as time passed it became more and more clear that the young South African could not win.

Whether he himself felt it or not, he certainly did not show signs of letting the match go for a song.

Though much of the sparkle had gone from Norton's play when he reached the last set, he was still making the returns from the back-hand, and held his own in a bright rally with Johnston at the net. It was a tremendous moment.

There was a series of rapid exchanges, a passing shot from Norton, and a wave of applause swept over the stands. But it was the swan-song. Norton, though he fought hard, did not score another game.

LIGHTNING SHOTS.

The match had opened with Johnston taking the first game from Norton's service. The American very quickly got his game into play and sent amazing drives to alternate corners.

How quickly they went! He whipped them over as though he were trying to tame the ball! But Norton was not frightened. He just hit them back nearly as hard himself. The young player was really performing magnificently, and I heard people saying: "If he keeps it up he will provide a sensation."

There were wonderful base-line rallies, fought with great speed. Johnston was driving hard to his opponent's back-hand and Norton was effecting brilliant returns from those shots.

Once or twice the young South African passed the American the net or lobbed successfully. But he could not stand against the wearing accuracy of those terrific drives, with their varying speed and wonderful placing.

Johnston more definitely established his control in the second set, in which he took the first five games.

I remember one amusing moment when "just out of devilry" he volleyed straight at Norton and left him standing in mid-court. What a laugh there was!

Yet Norton persevered. Now he was trying to make his service harder, but though it helped us to enjoy the match it did not affect the result.

HUNTER'S VICTORY.

The result of the Hunter-Lowe match was not unexpected by us, but it was, nevertheless, a remarkable match. Until quite near the end Hunter never slackened his hard game, and he combined with it an accuracy which he has seldom displayed before.

His opponent, who was the last English hope in the men's singles, played a well-studied game. He was never for a moment disconcerted by the American's tremendous attack, and right up to the last game one could never say that he was beaten.

Lowe took the first game of the last set, and brought Hunter to the net to pass him, but the American replied with quick drives down the side lines and soft volleys, thus equalising 1-1. He went on to take the next three games before Lowe was able to take his second.

Although Hunter took his lead to 5-2 with apparently little effort, Lowe steadily continued his game, and was still watching for the right moment to inflict damage, but for the right moment went straight on to win the last set 6-4.

In the ladies' doubles (second round) Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Miss McKane beat Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Maltby 6-3, 6-0.

2 YEARS FOR O'BRIEN

Six of Deportees Sent to Gaol for Conspiracy.

JUDGE ON WICKED PLOT.

The trial on a charge of seditious conspiracy of Art O'Brien and the six other returned Irish deportees was concluded at the Old Bailey yesterday, the jury taking only half an hour to consider their verdict.

O'Brien and Sean McGrath were sent to prison for two years in the second division, and Michael Galvin, Anthony Mulroney, G. Flynn and Denis Fleming for twelve months, also in the second division.

Sean O'Mahoney was found not guilty and discharged. In sentencing the prisoners, the Judge said that O'Brien and McGrath had been found guilty on evidence which left the jury no alternative. It was perfectly clear in his view that each of them was party to a wicked and seditious conspiracy to overthrow the Government in Ireland.

"LAWLESS" CLERGY.

Bishop Condemns Ministers Who Flout Authority—Stronger Courts.

"Among the clergy are to be found men with what might be called lawless minds, who deliberately flout authority and seek to break it down. The overwhelming mass of the clergy, however, are not of that mind."

This spoke the Bishop of Chelmsford in the House of Bishops of the National Assembly yesterday, when he moved a resolution—which was carried—urging the need for the maintenance of discipline in the Church of England by reconstituting Diocesan and Provincial Courts and the Court of Final Appeal.

They wanted, added the Bishop of Chelmsford, a procedure under which the poorest clerk in holy orders could have an opportunity of pursuing his honour equally with the highest dignity in the Church.

OPIUM DEN RAID.

Men Found Under Influence of Drug at Limehouse—The Warning Bell.

When two Chinamen, Chong Sing and New Mok Sing, brothers, were charged on remand at Thames Police Court yesterday with being in possession of opium and utensils for the purpose of smoking opium, it was stated that when the police raided premises at Limehouse-caseway the defendants were found lying under the influence of the drug.

The place was fitted in the most up-to-date manner for the purposes of opium smoking. A special bell, with wires through the ceiling, was affixed downstairs to enable an alarm to be given to people upstairs in the event of a raid by the police and to enable them to escape by means of the roof.

Chong Sing was sentenced to three months' hard labour and recommended for deportation, and New Mok Sing, who was regarded as merely a victim of the opium, was fined £5, or in default twenty-one days' imprisonment.

D.S.O. COLONEL'S FRAUDS

Former Magistrate's Clerk Sent to Prison—£12,000 Involved.

A sentence of nine months in the second division for fraudulent conversion of moneys was passed at the Stafford Assizes yesterday on Thomas F. Waterhouse, aged fifty-seven, a solicitor, formerly clerk to the magistrate and a D.S.O.

The amount involved was over £12,000, and extended over a period since 1909, but the prosecution alleged that they were in the main intended to prove any criminal intentions before the war.

Sir Reginald Coventry, K.C., in an appeal for clemency, said the accused had rendered exceptional services to his country in a military capacity, and whilst commanding a Staffordshire battalion at the front was severely wounded by a piece of shrapnel, which necessitated the removal of one eye and a portion of his brain.

When he returned from active service he was quite a changed man, mentally and physically, and he found his books were in a chaotic state.

He lived in an extravagant and luxurious manner. He paid £12,000 for a poultry farm and bought the mansion Temhall, furnished, at a considerable cost.

3,000 CHILDREN AT CONCERT.

In connection with the Yarmouth carnival The Daily Mirror gave a concert to over 3,000 children yesterday afternoon at Wellington Pier Theatre, by permission of Mr. A. Cash. Prizes were given to lucky ticket-holders, and presents were distributed.

To-day The Daily Mirror will present prizes for fancy and humorous costumes in the carnival procession, special prizes being given for those dresses best advertising this paper.

HOSPITAL MYSTERY.

Woman Dispenser Burned to Death by Ether.

LOCKED DOOR TRAGEDY.

While engaged in her duties as dispenser at the Metropolitan Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Fitzroy-square, W., on Tuesday night Miss Harriet Storer was burned to death after an explosion.

A curious feature of the case is that, contrary to the usual practice the door of the dispensary was locked. While a queue of patients were lined up outside the dispensary window there was an explosion, the crash of falling bottles and cries for help.

Efforts to get inside were made by those outside, but it was not until Nurse Hayward and a motorist, who had been attracted by the cries, dashed into the hospital from the street and crawled through a window thirty years of age, could be rendered to Miss Storer.

She was lying on the floor in a pool of liquid flame. The rescuers dried their best to smother the flames of her burning clothing, but they had arrived too late to save her life.

It is thought that the apparent mystery of the locked door was due to the fact that the slip bolt had accidentally fallen into its socket.

A large bottle of ether, which had been placed near a gas-stove, seems to have been the cause of the tragedy. Miss Storer had apparently been sterilising a syringe with the ether, and had left the bottle unstoppered near the gas-stove.

Miss Storer is described as a beautiful brunette, between thirty and forty years of age, and is understood to be a member of a well-known Derbyshire family.

"POLLY" SUNG IN COURT

Composer's "Evidence" in Alleged Infringement Action.

Passages of music from "Polly" were sung in the Chancery Court yesterday by Mr. Frederic W. Austin, composer of the music of this opera, who claimed damages from the Columbia Gramophone Co., Ltd., for alleged infringement of copyright. The hearing was adjourned.

Mr. Austin also alleged that the company had produced gramophone records of the orchestral parts, adopting a great deal of his music.

The company denied the allegations, stating that their records were produced from a score prepared from the original airs incorporated with John Gay's opera, by Mr. Albert Ketelbey on their behalf.

Counsel (to Mr. Austin): What in your view would the musical class say about the records? They would wonder what had happened to Austin. (Laughter.)

Mr. Justice Asbury: That he had had a bad night. (Laughter.)

FOUR KILLED IN PIT.

Sudden Fall of Roof Buries Repair Work Party.

Four men employed on the night shift at the T. Mawr pit of the Great Western Colliery at Hopkinstown, Pontypool, were killed early yesterday morning through a heavy fall of roof. Their names are:—William Lewis James (forty-eight), William Wheach (thirty-seven), Alfred Gwynn (fifty-one) and Frank Millarship (thirty-two).

The men were carrying out repair operations when, without any warning, they were overwhelmed by several tons of roof.

GOLFER TO APOLOGISE.

Hagen's Regret for Harsh Words About His Treatment at Troon.

New York, Wednesday. It is stated that Walter Hagen intends sending an apology to Troon for his harsh criticisms of the treatment he received while participating in the recent golf championship there.—Central News.

On his arrival in New York last month Hagen was reported to have said that officials and spectators at Troon had treated the Americans in "an unsportsmanlike manner." He said he had never again to play in England unless assured of better treatment. Hagen also said he regretted the last-month action of the Championship Committee in barring the slotted irons used by most Americans.

MURDERER HANGED.

Rowland Duck, twenty-five, the half-blind labourer, who was sentenced to die for the murder of Nellie Pearce, eighteen, at Cambray, Fulham, was executed at Pentonville Prison yesterday.

DEATH PENALTY IN PIT MYSTERY.

Burrows Found Guilty of Double Murder.

"I LOVED HER."

Condemned Man Protests His Innocence from Dock.

Strongly protesting his innocence, Albert Edward Burrows, the sixty-two-year-old Glossop labourer, was, at Derby Assizes yesterday, sentenced to death for the murder of Hannah Calladine and her four-year-old son, whose bodies were found in an old pit shaft.

Mr. Winning, for the defence, who was assisted by Miss Monica Cobb, the woman barrister, contended that Calladine was alive four days after the murders were alleged to have been committed.

When asked if he had anything to say, Burrows said, vehemently: "I loved the woman, but I am ready to die. I did not do it."

The other charges of murdering a boy, named Tommy Wood, and the two children of Hannah Calladine were ordered to be held over.

LETTER MYSTERY.

"Another Man Mentioned," Says Counsel for Defence.

A letter which, he suggested, mentioned the name of another man in connection with the murders was the subject of questions which Mr. T. N. Winning put to Inspector Chadwick.

The inspector said the letter, bearing the Belfast postmark, was addressed to Burrows at his home at Glossop, and was re-addressed to him at Manchester Prison. It was forwarded unopened, and the inspector said he did not know its contents or what became of it when it reached the prison.

Regarding his service on Burrows of the summons taken out by his wife for desertion in January, 1920, the inspector said he had no reason at that time to suppose Burrows had any hostility towards Hannah Calladine. If there was hostility it was towards his wife.

Mr. Winning put to witness that at the time he was collecting evidence there was bitter feeling in Glossop against Burrows, but the inspector disagreed.

Mr. Winning, addressing the jury, said the Crown had made no reference to one fact which pointed to the possibility of Hannah Calladine being alive after January 11, 1920, the date of the alleged murder.

"If Mary Elizabeth Calladine's evidence is true," counsel declared, "it is perfectly true that Hannah Calladine and her children were living four or five days after January 11."

CLASSES FOR FATHERS.

Baby Week Scheme to Teach Them How to Bring Up Children.

State endowment for all mothers and classes for fathers, to instruct them in the upbringing of children, were among the suggestions made yesterday at the National Baby Week Conference in London.

Dr. Scurfield, medical officer for Sheffield, said it was impossible for a woman to undertake the double task of breadwinner and homemaker.

If they took the diary of some working women they would find the only time they had for rest was when the children were packed off to Sunday school.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Improving weather and a higher temperature, particularly in the South-East and East districts.

Sunday Games Ban.—Llanfairfechan Council has decided to prohibit Sunday games.

4,800gs. for Vase.—A Chinese vase sold for 4,800gs. at a London auction room yesterday.

The Prince at Show.—The Prince of Wales visited the Royal Agricultural Show at Newcastle yesterday.

Shipbuilder Dead.—Mr. George Jones, J.P., director of the well-known shipbuilding firm of Gray and Co., West Hartlepool, died yesterday, aged seventy-six.

Holy Carpet "Held Up."—The Holy Carpet, which is being conveyed from Cairo to Mecca, is held up at Suez, says Reuter, the steamer which is to carry it being still at Jeddah.

£45,000 Bridge.—The new Norfolk Bridge, built of a cost of £45,000, to carry the main Worthing-Brighton road over the River Adur at Shoreham, was opened yesterday by Lord Leonfield.

Listening-In on Cars.—Wireless sets attached to guide books and the broadcasting of bulletins on the state of the roads were suggested at a meeting yesterday of the Automobile Association.

"WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE," GREAT

NEW SERIAL BY VALENTINE BEGINS TO-DAY ON PAGE 11.

LONDON DOCKS STRIKE SPREADS: 14,000 MEN IDLE

Food Ships Unable to Unload: Hundreds of Tons of Meat and Fruit Held Up.

SMITHFIELD AND COVENT GARDEN NEXT?

Unrest Among Railwaymen Over Shopworkers' Wage Cut—National Stoppage Danger.

As the result of a big extension of the London dock strike yesterday, 14,000 men were idle, and the stoppage continued at various ports in the provinces, a total of 30,000 workers being out.

Many food ships were held up, and hundreds of tons of meat, fruit and dairy produce could not be unloaded. Efforts were being made to secure sympathetic action by carmen and motor drivers at Smithfield and Covent Garden Markets. Government cost of living figures, on which a wage cut of a shilling a day has been based, are the cause of the trouble. The men's leaders, against whose advice work was stopped, are endeavouring to secure a resumption as the prelude to an inquiry.

When the N.U.R. decided yesterday to seek the submission of the shopmen's 6s. 6d. wage reduction to the negotiating machinery open to other grades of workers, Mr. J. H. Thomas warned the Government that the alternative was a national railway strike.

FOOD SUPPLIES SAFE FOR 200 INJURED IN POLICE BATTLE WITH MINERS.

30,000 Men Idle at Ports All Over Country.

LEADERS SHOUTED DOWN. FIRE STATION SET ABLAZE.

With a serious extension in London and a policy of "no surrender" at various ports in the provinces, where the dockers have started an unofficial strike against reduced wages, there were yesterday about 30,000 men idle all over the country.

Of these, 14,000 have ceased work on the London quays, where, with the unloading of many ships held up, cargoes of food are perishing.

Many of the vessels awaiting discharge are laden with meat, fruit and dairy produce, but, as these supplies are in cold chambers, the delay will not necessarily mean loss.

"London need not be alarmed about her food supplies, even if the dispute lasts a week or two," declared a Port of London official. "There is plenty of meat in cold storage."

Men are out at Hull, Immingham, Bristol, Grimsby, Cardiff, Avonmouth, Portishead and Barry. Southampton, Liverpool and Swansea are not involved.

Already food prices have jumped in Bristol as a direct sequel to the strike. Only one ship was unloaded yesterday at Cardiff, and there a cargo of potatoes was landed by clerks.

As it is the policy of the unions that "agreements must be honoured," the strike is progressing in defiance of the men's officials.

DISORDERLY SCENES AT HULL.

One feature of the dispute in London is the great activity displayed by young and energetic men who, without any authority, have established themselves as strike leaders.

Meat importers are amongst those seriously affected by the stoppage, and hundreds of tons of frozen supplies are held up.

Efforts were made at Smithfield and Covent Garden markets to persuade carmen and motor-drivers handling perishable goods to strike.

Mr. Bevan, secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation, and other officials endeavoured to induce the unions to return to work as a prelude to opening up negotiations concerning the calculation of the Board of Trade cost-of-living figures, on which the wage cut of a shilling a day has been based.

Hull is one of the "storm centres." Thousands of packages of fruit are rotting.

Deal carriers joined the strike yesterday and the unloading of timber was stopped. Altogether there are 7,000 men idle in this city.

There were disorderly scenes last night at a mass meeting attended by over 5,000 dockers. Five or six officials of the Transport Workers' Union endeavoured to speak, but none was given a hearing.

When Mr. R. Blundell, national organiser of the Union, remarked that the fight was unnecessary, there was great uproar, and amid cries of "We will stick it for a month if necessary," the meeting broke up.

The Manchester and Salford dockers decided last night to strike to-day on the ground that 1s. reduction is not justified.

PEER'S NIECE WEDS.

Lord and Lady Sudeley's niece, Miss Joyce Anstruther, only daughter of Mr. H. T. Anstruther and the Hon. Dame Eva Anstruther, was married yesterday at All Hallows' Church, London Wall, to Mr. A. J. Maxtone Graham, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Maxtone Graham.

THE FOUR SUSPENDED M.P.s.

The four suspended Labour members are expected to reach Glasgow to-day, and will have a conference with the Glasgow Independent Labour Party Executive to-morrow night. It was learned in Glasgow yesterday that the resignations are out of the question, and that the members will engage in a constituency tour.

CABINET CALL FOR FULLER FRENCH REPLY.

Conversations with Our Allies to Continue.

FRIENDLY MEETINGS.

Paris Says Written Document Is Being Prepared.

By Our Political Correspondent

Entente difficulties have not been entirely removed by the conversations between the French and Belgian Ambassadors and Lord Curzon, and at the moment the situation remains delicate.

There was a protracted meeting of the Cabinet at No. 10, Downing-street yesterday, when Lord Curzon gave a report of his interviews with Count de Saint Aulaire and Baron Mouchet. It is understood that the British Government require fuller explanations of our French ally's policy in the Ruhr, and meanwhile another meeting between Lord Curzon and Count de Saint Aulaire may be expected when the latter has had the opportunity of communicating with M. Poincaré.

The fact that the conversations are to be continued is the most hopeful feature of the situation.

I understand that the discussions between the representatives of the Allied Governments have been of the friendliest description, and every effort is being made to reach an agreement.

The utmost reticence as to the points on which the British Government requires further elucidation is maintained in official circles. For the present it is not deemed advisable to issue a public statement.

As soon as the situation permits an announcement will probably be made simultaneously in both Houses of Parliament.

The only notable visitor to the Foreign Office yesterday was the Italian Ambassador, who called for an interview with Lord Curzon.

FRENCH VIEWS.

The *Petit Parisien*, quoted by Reuter, stated yesterday: "There is reason to believe that the French Government has now drawn up the written reply asked for by Great Britain."

The *Gaulois* stated that the claim for the cessation of passive resistance has been approved by the Pope and by the declarations of M. Theunis and Signor Mussolini, and adds that this unanimity will not fail to make an impression in German political circles, and that if only Great Britain were to give her support to it the chances of Germany accepting the preliminary condition which France imposes would become much greater.

The *Petit Journal* hoped that the Franco-British conversations would bear the stamp of loyalty, courage and candour. "Let France not forget," it said, "that Great Britain has interests just as respectable as our own."

"Let England not forget that the French have always defied intimidation, and that they yield only to friendship."

Ruhr Town Fined.—An Exchange message from Aix-la-Chapelle states that, following the outrage at Duisburg, General Beaurain, in agreement with the Council of National Defence, has fined this town 30 milliard marks.

British children born in Tunis of British nationals who were themselves born there will in future be entitled to decline French nationality.

This information is contained in a White Paper issued yesterday.

HINT TO "DRY" AMERICA.

Shipowners' Resolution—Laws of Flags Should Regulate Stores.

The Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, passed a resolution yesterday in which they suggest ways to minimise the difficulties between this country and America regarding the emigration and prohibition laws.

The Governments of Britain and the United States should enforce, they say, the registration scheme established by the Atlantic lines to control the movement of emigrants according to U.S. requirements.

Regarding the prohibition question, they say the United States should adhere to the long-accepted international practice under which, within the territorial jurisdiction of every nation, the laws of the ships' own flags govern and regulate the stores carried for use only on the high seas.

Mr. Baldwin stated in the Commons yesterday that, if the U.S. Government were willing, steps would be taken to lay on the table the terms of the American proposal asking powers to seize outside the three-mile limit ships alleged to be smuggling liquor.

SLUMP IN MIXED BATHING.

Mixed bathing has gone very much out of popularity at Blackburn. Instead of there being over 200 bathers, as at first, the average number now is fifty-seven.

The weather and the waning of the novelty are blamed for the slump.



Captain Bennett, the famous cross-country rider, who, after his agreement to fight a duel with the Minister for race at Lingfield.

Marshal Pinduski, who, it is reported, has agreed to fight a duel with the Minister for War.

NEW TURN IN MYSTERY OF LITTLEHAMPTON LETTERS.

Summons Issued Against Miss Edith Swann.

HEARING NEXT WEEK.

A sensational development in the mystery of the Littlehampton libellous letters took place yesterday.

Miss Swann, who was previously arrested and acquitted on a charge of sending certain letters, has been summoned to appear at Arsenal Police Court on a charge of attempting to send a postal packet to a sanitary inspector.

Miss Edith Swann told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that she had received a summons to appear at the Police court next Wednesday.

SHOPLIFTERS FOILED.

Girl Assistant Follows Them to Tea-shop—6 Months for Women.

Three young, fashionably dressed married women were sentenced to six months' hard labour at Marylebone yesterday for stealing and receiving three frocks, valued at £35 15s. 6d., from Debenham and Freebody, Ltd.

An assistant of the firm, Miss Davis, said she noticed that Marie Butler, of Johanna-street, Westminster, looked bulky and was walking with difficulty when she left the evening gown department. She followed her and Laura McLean, of Dante-street, Newington, to a neighbouring tea-shop. There they had tea and were shortly afterwards joined by Emma Hinds, of New-street, Kennington.

All three retired to a dressing room and when they returned were carrying a parcel, while Butler's bulkiness had disappeared. After a struggle they were arrested.

LOCKED DOOR TRAGEDY.

Woman Dispenser Burned to Death After Explosion—Hospital Mystery.

While engaged in her duties as dispenser at the Metropolitan Eye, Nose and Throat Hospital, Fitzroy-square, W., on Tuesday night Miss Harriet Storer was burned to death after an explosion.

Contrary to the usual practice, the door of the dispensary was locked, and when waiting patients heard the crash of falling bottles they were unable to go to her assistance. Nurse Hayward crawled through a window and found Miss Storer in a pool of flaming liquid. She died in a few minutes.

It is thought that the bolt of the door had accidentally slipped into its socket. A large bottle of ether, which had been left uncorked near a gas stove, is considered to have been the cause of the tragedy. Miss Storer was between thirty and forty.

STILL BUSY AT 106.

Wonderful Old Woman Who Hates To Be Doing Nothing.

Though she will be 106 years old to-morrow, Mrs. Emily Ann Garrett, of Oak Grove, Ankerley, is still full of vitality.

She has long survived her husband and her son and daughter, and her descendants consist of five grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. She must be busy and feels that the day is wasted unless she has performed various tasks.

It was the desire to be up and doing which inspired her remark to a Press representative yesterday: "Here I am sitting all day long and doing nothing. It is my penance, I suppose. I often wish the doctor would give me a new pair of legs."

ing she rises between eleven and twelve o'clock and her hour for bed is 8 p.m.

"SYSTEMATIC HOMOEOPATHY"

A Book that may Save your Life.

MOST CHRONIC MALADIES CURABLE.

No More Dangerous Drugging or Superfluous Operations.

A STRIKING appeal to sufferers from chronic disorders and to their medical advisers—to invalids and to the entire medical profession—is contained in a remarkable book, entitled "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES," the eleventh edition of which has recently been published. Ten large editions were exhausted within a few years. So remarkable is the new systematic system of treatment described in this book that, in the opinion of many well qualified to judge, it is destined to revolutionise medical theory and practice.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that what the work of Pasteur was to Bacteriology, this book seems likely to become to Therapeutics (the Science of Healing).

Certainly the theory so lucidly expounded in this book—and explained in simple, non-technical language that everyone can understand—is supported as it is by records of truly marvellous cures effected by the new method of treatment, is worthy of the immediate attention of every practitioner, patient or sufferer.

WONDERFUL CURES EFFECTED.

Sufferers from long-standing and chronic complaints, who are disaffected with the progress they are making under present management, should get "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" for themselves, and read there of this gentle and exceedingly convenient method of overcoming and banishing chronic ill-health.

So, too, should those who have been advised to submit to dangerous and painful operations. For "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" shows how such an operation may be avoided, and how a complete cure can often be brought about without the use of the surgeon's knife.

SYSTEMATIC HOMOEOPATHIC TREATMENT.

Having read "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" and seen there how their ailments—even when many years' standing—can be cured by scientific and systematic treatment, they will be in a position to insist that their medical men shall treat and cure them accordingly.

Or, in cases where the medical man should prove unworthy of the advice now made in the Science of Healing, "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" shows the sufferer how he or she can obtain the benefit of this wonderful treatment direct.

In either event such sufferers will rediscover in the pages of this book the hopes they had previously abandoned; nor, if they faithfully follow its teachings, will their new-found hopes be disappointed.

How "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" came to be published, and how and where it may be obtained by readers of "The Daily Mirror," is described in the following article. Read it to-day.

FOR some time past authorities interested in the progress of medical science have been aware of the presence in their midst of a new form of treatment, which is bringing about the most astonishing cures of chronic, long-standing, and even of so-called "incurable" complaints.

That these cures have actually taken place is testified by the erstwhile sufferers themselves, many of them men and women of the highest social standing and position.

In the great majority of these chronic cases ordinary medical treatment had been tried in vain—sometimes for years. And then these sufferers have come to the founder of this new system of healing, and by his aid they have been freed from the burden that has distressed and tortured them so long. They have been completely restored to perfect strength and pain-free health.

CHRONIC MALADIES CURED.

Amongst the cases cured by this system, without operations or dangerous drugs, may be mentioned have been men and women suffering from troubles, ailments and symptoms described in lay language as—

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| —Neurasthenia | —Piles |
| —Headaches | —Rheumatism |
| —Migrain | —Lumbago |
| —Spinal Troubles | —Sciatica |
| —Neuralgia | —Nasal Catarrh |
| —Constipation | —Throat Affections |
| —Indigestion | —Bronchitis |
| —Mucous Colitis | —Early Consumption |
| —Liver Troubles | —Asthma |
| —Exophthalmic Goitre | —Acne and other Skin Affections |
| —Diabetes | —Mammary Tumours |
| —Heart Troubles | —Stones in the Kidneys |
| —Arterio-Sclerosis | —Varicose Veins |
| —Angina Pectoris | |
| —And other Chronic Kidney, Bladder and Prostate Complaints. | |

DETAILED CASE-REPORTS AVAILABLE.

These cases are all authenticated. Exhaustive notes have been taken of the previous history of the cases, of the symptoms before and during treatment, of every detail of the directions given, and of the amazing recoveries that have taken place. These notes and case-reports are now available for everyone suffering from a chronic ailment, and for every medical man who wishes to study the new treatment in more detail than can, for obvious reasons, be given here.

For those to whom technical details would be unintelligible, the work above mentioned has been published, giving a full explanation and description of the new systematic treatment, which cures even after all other methods have failed, and of the new direction which curative science is taking under the leadership of the founder of Dr. Maurice Ernest, L.L.D., for close on 30 years in residence in this country.

By means of this book, "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES," sufferers can check the treatment they may be receiving at present. They can bring the raw system to the notice of their medical men, and insist that they should

be treated accordingly. Or, failing this, they can obtain treatment direct, and by this wonderful aid be restored to normal health and strength.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE
Hitherto, until the advent of Dr. Maurice Ernest, medical practitioners have, roughly, been divided into two opposing schools: those belonging to (1) the Allopathic Orthodox School, and those belonging to (2) the Homoeopathic School.

The difference between these two schools of medical practice is briefly this: Allopaths, if, as so frequently happens, they fail to discover and remove the cause of the malady, can but attack symptoms with such drugs or medicines as they have found to have the effect of suppressing those same symptoms in similar cases before.

POISONED WITH DRUGS.

From this it logically followed that the more severe the symptoms—the stronger the dose had to be, and the result of undergoing a prolonged course of this treatment in chronic cases is that the organs of the unfortunate sufferer become affected by the treatment, and weakened by the baneful after-effects of the drugs. In thousands and tens of thousands of such cases their last state is rendered even worse than the first; they not only suffer from the ailment which they were originally cured of, but their whole body becomes drug-poisoned as well.

CAN LIKE CURE LIKE?

The Homoeopaths, on the other hand, whilst avoiding the above danger, profess the somewhat bewildering doctrine that the only way to conquer disease is to adopt a course of treatment which would seem actually to assist and intensify it. In other words, they claim to suppress the symptoms of a disease by giving the patient a minute dose of the very drug that would produce those same symptoms in a perfectly healthy person. Thus, if you are suffering from a headache, the Homoeopath prescribes for you a drug that would give you a headache if you hadn't got one.

Now, as Dr. Maurice Ernest shows in his remarkable book, "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" (L. V. Adam and Co., 85, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.1; price 2s.), there is a certain stratum of truth underlying the theory that is wrong, that curious and illogical theory which, as our critics above, repels so many reasoning minds.

SYMPTOMS NOT MANIFESTATIONS OF DISEASE.

Dr. Maurice Ernest, the founder of the New Homoeopathy, differs alike from the Allopathic and the old Homoeopathic schools.

His book describes—not what you will see when you obtain a copy—a method of treatment based on an entirely new interpretation of illness.

His observations and experiences have shown him that the fundamental error of both Allopaths and Homoeopaths is that they attack and suppress symptoms, on the ground that they are the direct effect, result, consequence, and, indeed, a part of the disease, instead of being, as he has observed, and as he proclaims in his book, not a part of the disease, but a part of the disease-repelling mechanism of the body.

"Symptoms," says the author, "are not manifestations of the disease, they are manifestations of the healing and recuperative forces that awaken within the body to repel the disease." The disease enters the body as a sleeping enemy awakens a sleeping city. The defending forces awaken and rush to repel the assault. Symptoms are, as it were, the rallying bugle-calls, to the sound of which the defending army charges to the rescue.

THE HEALTH FORCES OF THE BODY.

It is this way. Within every living body—as this epoch-making book, "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES," shows—are certain inherited forces whose function it is to repel the attacks of disease and to repair the ravages the disease has made.

In the ordinary healthy body these forces, although present, are asleep. When a disease enters the system and begins its hurtful work, these forces are roused to action and begin to fight the disease.

Symptoms are due, not to the disease, but to the recuperative forces. Symptoms are the signs that the recuperative forces are awake and at work. And the reason why symptoms differ in different disorders is that in the course of long ages of evolution the health forces of the body have become highly specialised, so that each ailment arouses a different set of recuperative forces.

WAR IN THE SYSTEM.

One slight instance will show how symptoms are caused by the recuperative forces of the body and not by the disease.

You are infected by some complaint—the yet unidentified bacillus say of the malady known as Measles. The microbes enter your system, but you feel nothing. Some little time elapses; still you feel quite well. At length the special set of recuperative forces that respond to this particular disease awakes to the fact that this disease has entered the body.

They awaken. They are roused to action. And immediately they begin their work the symptoms of measles appear. You feel ill and feverish. A rash breaks out over your skin. Other symptoms follow. Eventually the disease is overcome, the recuperative forces sink back to repose, the symptoms disappear, and you are cured.

WHY MALADIES BECOME CHRONIC.

Sometimes, however, the recuperative forces called into action are not those best adapted to overcome and defeat the particular disease to which the sufferer has become a victim.

In that case the struggle between the disease and the health-forces continues for months or years. Neither can gain the victory.

Then it is that the symptoms continue, and you are suffering from a CHRONIC MALADY. Abnormal nervous weakness, or long-standing cough, or perhaps, or some obstinate lung, heart, or kidney trouble.

What is to be done?

There is but one thing to be done, as Dr. Maurice Ernest shows in his book, "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES."

That one thing is to reinforce the right recuperative forces and thus enable them to overpower the disease.

This is what Dr. Maurice Ernest does. By his method of treatment, that would cure certain symptoms in a healthy person, he awakes or reinforces the most efficient, the most appropriate set of recuperative forces in the sufferer's body, and thereby brings about a cure.

TRIPLE HEALTH-RESTORING ACTION.

This does not mean that when you are suffering agonies from, say, lumbago or piles, you have to follow a treatment that gives you more pain than ever. As shown in the book, the treatment is three-fold in nature.

(1) IT IS PALLIATIVE—relieving pain and discomfort without using drastic doses of dangerous drugs;

(2) IT IS CAUSATIVE—removing the cause of the disorder and thereby preventing its recurrence; and, lastly, and most important,

(3) IT IS CURATIVE—working through the proper recuperative forces of the body, completely overcoming the malady and restoring the weakened, suffering body to its former vigour. What is the effect of this triple acting treatment? Without pain, without discomfort, without nauseous potions, without dangerous operations, without a break even in your usual occupations, your malady—even when of many years' standing—is cured, and you yourself restored to perfect health and strength.

REMEDIES FROM EVERY SOURCE.

In bringing about this restoration to health, Dr. Maurice Ernest makes use of every remedy

that experience has shown capable of accomplishing the effect he desires. Unlike the ordinary homoeopathic or allopathic practitioner, he has no prejudice against particular remedies, provided that they are applied in such a way that they cannot possibly do harm. He surveys the whole field of curative science, and from the armoury of the healer he selects just that special remedy, or that combination of medicinal or non-medicinal remedies which will aid in that particular case the work of the body's own appropriate recuperative forces and restore the sufferer to perfect and pain-free health. As a scientific man, he, of course, contemptuously rejects the absurd claim of so-called "cure all and everything" remedies, and he has no interest in recommending any particular specific or medicament. His standpoint is simply that of one who believes in curing illness and banishing suffering by the quickest, surest, safest and most convenient method.

HEALTH-CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

No longer need you feel run down, out of sorts, debilitated, unable to enjoy life.

After a course of this treatment you once again find yourself full of strength and vigour; fresh vitality thrills through every nerve and fibre of your being. Your step is light and elastic; there is a new light in your eyes and a new courage in your heart; you feel that all is well with you now; you look around the world and see that it is good.

This is what is experienced by sufferers from chronic weakness and nervous trouble.

A similar health change for the better is experienced in a marvellously short time by sufferers from lung trouble, digestive disorders, kidney disease (even large stones in the kidneys are removed without operation, as this book shows in actual cases, with all facts, and data given), rheumatism, gout and other chronic ailments.

DOCTORS ADOPT NEW TREATMENT.

Just read the case-reports printed in "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" and see this for yourself.

Indeed, so remarkable are the cures wrought by "Systematic Homoeopathy" that a number of doctors have adopted this treatment for their own ailments, while others have written to Dr. Maurice Ernest asking whether he is willing to accept them for a course of study and training in "Systematic Homoeopathy." Here is a typical letter from a medical practitioner of over twenty years' standing, written after reading "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES," a copy of which you can now obtain for 2s. post free:—

London, 7th Nov., 1912.

Dear Sir,—Have you any other published work explanatory of your individualistic view and methods of treatment of chronic maladies?

Do you take pupils?

If any, where can your work or works be bought, or in the latter case, what are your fees?

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours very truly,
(Signed) _____, M.D.,
Allopath.

The book, "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES," shows medical men how they can adopt this new treatment in their own practices, to the great benefit of their patients.

It shows sufferers from most chronic ailments how they can either insist that their medical advisers shall treat them along these lines, or, failing this, they can secure treatment direct, and thus obtain certain relief from the burden of pain and weakness they have borne too long.

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS BOOK.

Every sufferer from chronic and seemingly incurable ailments, as well as every medical man who wishes to keep abreast of the advances made in curative science, should get this book and read it.

Here the whole system of treatment recommended by Dr. Maurice Ernest is exhaustively explained.

Here, too, are typical reports of long-standing cases of a serious nature which have been absolutely cured by this system.

Here, too, you are shown how you yourself can obtain speedy relief and permanent cure by means of the wonderful system of treatment that is effecting a revolution in the science of healing.

USE THIS ORDER FORM TO-DAY.

"EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" is specially published at the moderate price of two shillings net. You can obtain this book from all booksellers. Or fill up this order form and send it to-day (enclosed P.O. or cheque for Two Shillings) to the Publishers, L. V. Adam and Co., 85, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.1, and a copy of the 11th revised and enlarged edition of this valuable work, with its cheering information to all who suffer from any chronic malady, will reach you within a few hours, post free.

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Sirs,—Please forward, post free, to the address above, a copy of the eleventh revised and enlarged edition of "EVERYDAY CHRONIC MALADIES" by Dr. Maurice Ernest, L.L.D., for which I enclose

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P.O.
STAMPS
CHEQUE

D.M.

NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1923.

THE CASUAL STRIKE.

STRIKE epidemics are, to the average citizen, much like outbreaks of influenza.

He wakes one morning to find that a "wave" of labour trouble is upon him.

The doctors—the labour experts—did not foresee it. There is, in many instances, no warning, no intelligible explanation; consequently, no means of arriving at a reasoned judgment. These things just happen, it appears.

They are happening now in dockland, suddenly. And, once again, we have the strange, the tragic spectacle of deserted ships, perishing cargoes, ruined food supplies in the midst of our continuing crisis of unemployment.

This latest of casual strikes is peculiar, inasmuch as it was undertaken in defiance of the men's leaders and of Trade Union advice.

That illustrates the point we have recently made in reference to those leaders' inability to control their wilder followers. They profess, on great occasions, to speak for the rank-and-file. An instance like this shows how unsound is their claim to that representative position.

EARLY TO BED.

WHEN will the moralists of the London County Council be weary of trying to send Londoners early to bed?

This is Henley Week, Wimbledon Week. The hotel proprietors have asked for an extension of dancing hours to meet the festive demand. They cannot have it this week, though they had it, we think, for the occasion of the Horse Show.

The London County Council is paternal, and, like an old-fashioned parent, it thinks that one such indulgence is enough for the little children in a season. "Now, children," it seems to say, "you were up late last night, be good and go to bed early to make up for it. You mustn't have a treat every day, you know!"

When the good boy and girl in private life receive this admonition they've no means of defending themselves. They have to obey.

The Londoner isn't so helpless—or so docile. If he likes, therefore, he goes on to a night club which isn't a "public place," and there he laughs at the wisdom of his municipal guardians.

It is always the same! They think that they are suppressing revelry by driving it out of the open into the dark. Yet by so doing, surely they only turn a mild amusement into possibly undesirable channels.

INVITATIONS.

SOME of our readers appear to be feeling the strain of the social "rush."

They complain that a formula is needed for the polite dodging of invitations.

This is a symptom that appears in July, after many weeks of dancing and dining out.

One begins to long for green fields and sea shores and rest and isolation. But one has promised still to go here and there; and every day the telephone resounds with new calls upon leisure time. Hence a demand for easy ready-made refusals. The Etiquette Books ought to be revived, with a page or two devoted to excuses that trip off the tongue.

Sudden deaths of distant relatives will not do. The ready-made excuse must be capable of retraction. It must be provisional. It must adapt itself to your mood. It must be so worded and devised that you may be able, as it were, to *sort* your invitations, selecting only the most desirable, rejecting the dull ones, as July wears on to August and brings the blessed holiday in sight.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

How to Refuse Invitations—Suburban Tennis—The Habit of Saving—Divine Judgments.

DO YOU LIKE PICNICS?

PERHAPS your contributor is a little hard on picnics. An open-air excursion is delightful—in fine weather. Even an open-air meal can be very pleasant, if the right place is found for it.

After all, if the complaint is against wasps and other flying enemies—don't these come into the windows anyhow and plague us indoors? Walton-on-Thames. SANS CEREMONIE.

ON THE TELEPHONE.

THE telephone has certainly made it much more difficult to get out of invitations. When one has to write a letter, one can gain time. One can think out a plausible excuse. On the telephone one's nerve is apt to fail one. My plan at home is to let somebody else answer the phone. This obliging person will then come to me with a message. I have time

THE TREVESSA'S LIFEBOATS.

I THINK the letter from Mr. Charles G. Hewitt, about bringing home the Trevesa's lifeboats, a splendid idea, but instead of leaving the expense of doing so to the owners I think the general public would be pleased to be allowed to show their appreciation of the splendid pluck and endurance of the officers and crew by contributing to the cost.

MR. CHARLES COLEMAN.
(Master Mariner, late Merchant Service.)
58, Elsters-road, West Ealing, W.13.

THRIFTY FRANCE.

YOUR interesting correspondence on saving for old age suggests to me that English people are by nature less thrifty than certain other nations—for instance, the French. I know French people, heavily hit by the hard times, who yet manage to achieve miracles

STRENUOUS MODERN GAMES AND THE SPORTSMAN'S "BAG."



Golfers have taken to hitting small birds—by mistake. If this goes on the various club-houses will have to preserve their "catches" as proof of prowess.

to phone an excuse, and when I get to the telephone I am ready with it. F. M. K.

REFUSING INVITATIONS.

LET me offer a word of advice to your correspondent, "Born Tired." Never accept an invitation a month ahead! Politely suggest that one should only be asked a few days before the actual date.

If one is foolish enough to accept an invitation a long time in advance and finds that it is irksome to keep the appointment when the time comes, the only way out is to send a telegram regretting one's inability to attend. But one is likely to become very unpopular if this is done too frequently. M. W.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD."

IS your correspondent "Moderate in All Things" quite happy in echoing "W. M.'s" quotation, "Consider the lilies of the field," and insinuating that their beauty consists of gaudy colours?

In all His teaching Christ used the humble, lowly and despised things of His day to illustrate His deepest lessons. In this case the lilies were the humble flowers growing on the hillside of Galilee (vide Dean Farrar and Bishop Eliot), which the crowd, in their eagerness to hear Him, were trampling under foot, and from them He taught a lesson far deeper than prophets or psalmists, taught from the Cedars of Lebanon. G. C. GRAM.

Norwich-road, Watton, Norfolk.

in the way of saving. For instance, every French father knows perfectly well that he will have to provide a dowry for each of his daughters when she marries. He nearly always manages to put money aside for that purpose—though I should perhaps add that few French people are so foolish as to have large families in these difficult times.

A LOVER OF FRANCE.

TAKE YOUR TENNIS SERIOUSLY!

ONE is inclined to agree with your correspondent, "Looker-On," who thinks that the average standard of tennis is very low.

Often, after dinner, I take a walk through the park which happens to be near my house. But I can honestly say that I have never yet seen a really good game in progress there. The young men and women do not treat the game seriously, but run about the courts, trying to look attractive in their flannels, new jumpers, Lengen hairbands, and so on. E. D.

PUNISHMENT?

WE may agree that people ought to be vaccinated. We need not suppose that smallpox is sent to a "divine judgment" against them for their neglect of the precaution. It seems to me to be an unworthy view of the Deity, this! "God is Love," and does not delight in punishment. If a man walks over a cliff his fall is to be attributed to his own carelessness—not to a special intervention of vengeful Providence. VACCINATED.

SET THE WORLD FREE FOR TRAVEL!

GET RID OF RESTRICTIONS BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.

By SIR SIDNEY LOW.

IN the good old pre-war days, when you wanted to take a journey to any civilised country, you packed your portmanteau, put some bank notes and sovereigns into your purse, whistled up a taxicab or hansom, and went off.

It was all delightfully simple and easy. I had travelled in twenty-one countries before the summer of 1914. I possessed a passport, but I never remember showing it, except in Turkey, and usually I left it at home. Outside Russia and the Balkans nobody asked for your "papers," or had any interest in you beyond seeing that you paid your way and complied with the Customs regulations.

"This freedom" ended, as so much else ended, when the war came.

The traveller was watched and jealously controlled at every turn. He was not allowed to go where he liked, but only where the military and civil authorities were willing that he should go. Every precaution was taken to ascertain that he was really harmless and not a spy or an enemy or a dealer in contraband of war.

The restrictions were no doubt necessary during the campaigns. We submitted to them the more readily because we gave them their place among the numerous transient inconveniences of that most inconvenient period. The war would be over some time, and then we should travel freely and comfortably again.

Officialdom, however, having got the tourist into its hands, is in no hurry to let him go.

THE PASSPORT NUISANCE.

It still shackles his movements with restraints and conditions, which were justifiable five or six years ago, but are now only a superfluous encumbrance. Most of these war survivals could be swept away, for they have lost their meaning, and serve no purpose except that of rendering travel, especially foreign travel, more burdensome and uncomfortable than it need be, or ought to be.

There is that question of the passport, for instance.

Why must we have passports when paying a visit to a friendly country? Why cannot the Allied States of Western Europe agree to receive each other's nationals without insisting on this precaution? They did so before the war, and no harm followed.

The passport system is no real protection against criminals and revolutionists, as the police know very well; and to the great majority of us, who do not happen to belong to either of those classes, it is merely vexatious. More than that, it does, I am sure, often deter people from travelling abroad when they would otherwise be eager to do so. Sooner than take the trouble of complying with all the worrying formalities imposed upon them many people, I am sure, abandon their projected holiday tour altogether.

This is unfortunate, alike from the individual and the national point of view. Statesmen and educationists plan elaborate schemes, and hold solemn conferences to promote international contact and understanding.

There is no agency quite so effective as the voluntary holiday tour. And the best way to encourage that is to go back to the old Freedom of Travel, and make it as easy and unrestrained as it used to be.

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 16/9—Navy Blue Gabardine, full 65s. 42-yard length, costume or dress length; 16s. 6d.; approval before payment—Davis, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark Hill, London.
 11/19 6—Ladies' 85 8s. Solid Gold English half-mooned Keyless Expanding Water resistant, highly polished with all the most modern improvements; time to a minute a month; 15 years' warranty; week's free trial; 39s. 6d.; approval before payment—Davis.
 12/9—Ladies' magnificent 85 8s. Solid Gold English half-mooned Keyless Expanding Water resistant, highly polished; 18-ct. Gold-cased, with fine quality stones; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval—Davis.
 19/6—Ladies' most magnificent 18-ct. Gold-cased, with expanding Watch Bracket; very choice design, with grip any wrist; time to a minute a month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 19s. 6d.; approval—Davis, Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark Hill, London.
 22/6—Pleasant Binocular, 15s. model by Kinas giving large field of view; lensing bar and separate eyepiece focus; wonderfully powerful; name of ship distinctly read 6 miles from shore; in solid leather case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 55s. 6d.; approval before payment—Davis.
 22/6—Valuable Violin in perfect condition, excellent tone, with special bow; fitted in shaped case; worth 212 12s.; week's free trial; sacrifice, 22 12s. 6d.
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2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting coconut oils.

3. A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF "USON," a high-class Brilliantine that gives to "Harlene-Drilled" Hair the radiant lustre of perfect health, and which is especially beneficial in those cases where the scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. THE ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL," containing the discoverer's detailed instructions for carrying out the "Hair-Drill."

LADIES—BEWARE!!

Everyone, especially ladies, should beware of attempting to grow hair by means of internal medicines. Even if it were possible, it would be dangerous, as it would cause new hair-growth all over the body or not at all. Thus, internal remedies are as likely to cause complete disfigurement and unsightliness by causing superfluous hair to grow on Cheeks, Lips, Chin and Arms.



Every man who desires a smart, crisp appearance should also send for this great FREE Gift. He will find "Harlene Hair-Drill" a pleasant and highly beneficial toilet exercise. After a Free Trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene Hair-Grower" at 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo, 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. "Cremer" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and "Axtol" for Grey Hair, at 8s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St. London, W.C.1.
 Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Toll Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.
 "Daily Mirror," 5/7/23.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")
 N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—send a FREE bottle of "Axtol" for Grey Hair and also be sent you.

Army Bell Tents

Best selected Army Bell Tents, guaranteed in every way. Complete, with pole, pegs, mallets, etc. 63/- Each. Carriage paid. Full cash returned if unsatisfactory. We can sell you Army Bell Tents from 50/-, below we cannot recommend these.
HJ GASSON & SONS
 RYE, SUSSEX.

Mellin's Dessert **CHOCOLATE**
 "melts in the mouth."

Why be a victim to intense NERVOUSNESS, TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

In the presence of superiors or strangers? Why suffer ill-health through Nervous Exhaustion, Palpitation and Sleeplessness? Why needn't continue to be a victim to yourself and to others. I have a genuine, guaranteed cure for Bashfulness, Nervousness, Self-Consciousness, Shyness, Timidity, Twitchings, Lack of Confidence and all Nerve and Heart Weakness. Very simple and private, has never failed to cure even after Doctors, Physical Culture and Auto Suggestion had failed. For either sex. Will free you in seven days. Don't fret this chance. Write at once for full particulars. Will be sent free privately if you mention "Mirror."—E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints Road, St. Ann's-on-Sea.



Mr. Solly Ward, the original American comedian, appearing in "The Music Box" at the Palace Theatre.



Mrs. Richard Bethell, wife of Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, and only child of Lord Westbury.

AT HENLEY.

Sir A. Geddes' Holiday-Memorials to the Missing—Now Flying Boat.

I SHOULD SAY that never has there been a better day for the opening of Henley than yesterday. It was gloriously fine, and yet there was enough cloud about to take the tropical edge off the sun. The old spirit was recaptured entirely, and though there have been bigger crowds there have not been jollier ones.

No Houseboats.

The only difference in the scene this year is the absence of the gay houseboat. There were not more than four in sight. Partly this change is due to the ease with which people can get from London by car and partly to the heavy licences and mooring fees now charged. The Phyllis Court Club supplied the decorative feature with its rows of deck-chairs filled with white and cream "creations," the wearers of which shaded themselves with richly-coloured parasols.

Famous Oarsmen.

Famous oarsmen were thick on the banks and about the town, including the old brigade. I noticed, for instance, Lord Amphil, Sir Douglas Dawson, Viscount Hambleden and Lord Desborough, all of whom have figured in the boats at Henleys of the past. There was also a younger generation of "veterans"—such men as Harcourt Gold, the famous Oxford coach and R. M. Arbuthnot, the old Cambridge stroke.

"Diamonds" Surprise.

The racing surprise of the day was the defeat of the American favourite, Hoover, by Donald Gollan in the Diamond Sculls. Young Gollan is a son of Mr. S. Gollan, the well-known Australian sportsman, and is a member of the Leander Club. He has been coached by Ernest Barry and Tom Sullivan.

Viscount Actor.

The late Countess Annesley married the Earl in 1893. She leaves one son, Viscount Glerawly, a versatile young man who saw much service in the East during the war, and afterwards, by way of a change, appeared on the stage in "Kissing Time" at the Winter Garden Theatre at a salary of £5 a week. In 1921 he married Lady Kilconnel.

America's Magazine King.

Mr. Bok, who is offering £20,000 for the best practical suggestion of a means whereby America may help to keep the peace of the world, is by birth not an American, but a Dutchman. He was brought to the United States when quite young, took to journalism and eventually became the editor-proprietor of the most widely circulated magazine in the universe.

Sir Auckland Geddes.

I hear that Sir Auckland Geddes is improving in health. On the way across from New York he made a speech to the passengers, in which he spoke appreciatively of the kindness shown him in the States. He has no intention of resigning, and is going to have three months' holiday. He is now staying at Christchurch, Hampshire, with Lady Geddes and their children.



Sir Auckland Geddes.

John as Judge. Mr. Augustus John is spending a few days in Paris. On the Berengaria he and Mr. Derwent Hall Caine judged the dresses at a fancy dress ball. Mr. Hall Caine, who came straight through to London, has lived four years in America, and tells me that he has seen more drunkenness since prohibition than he ever did before.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

An "Independence" Menu.

America's Day was celebrated by an enormous party of stage stars last night, when Miss Renie Riano, the clever eccentric dancer, gave a real Independence Day supper at her hotel. There was fried chicken and corn pomes and a freak pie over from America filled with presents, each with a ribbon attached, so that they could all be pulled out simultaneously, and an American punch—not a Pussyfoot one!

Judge's Expected Retirement.

It is generally accepted in the Temple that Lord Coleridge, who was recently taken ill while travelling the Western circuit, will not return to the King's Bench. If it is his lordship's intention to retire on the pension to which he was entitled a year ago, the King's Bench Judges will be reduced to fifteen, which was the number before arrears of business led to an increase of two after the war.

No New Judges.

The vacancy caused by Mr. Justice Bray's death was not filled, neither will a new Judge be appointed in the event of Lord Coleridge's departure. Thus, the statutory number will be reverted to, and in the ordinary course of events it will be fully a year before a fresh appointment will become necessary.

Mother and Daughter.

Lilian Braithwaite, who has been ill, is recuperating at Brighton. If well enough she will play the name part in Barrie's "Roseland" when that little play is revived at the Adelphi next week in association with Gertrude Jennings' "The Young Lady in Pink," in which her daughter, Joyce Carey, will be the heroine. In the autumn W. H. Berry, at present on the Norfolk Broads, will appear at the Adelphi in a new musical play.



Miss Braithwaite.

by Marie and Beatrice Mansfield, daughters of Hugh Moss, the Shakespeare scholar and niece of the late Richard Mansfield, the great American tragedian. Another member of the company will be Byam Shaw, son of the artist. Young Shaw is rowing this week at Henley for Westminster School.

Famous Greek Tenor.

It was interesting to notice at Mrs. Simon Brand's concert at Carlton House-terrace the famous Greek tenor Lappos, who made a sensation in musical circles in London during 1918. He listened with interest to Melba and Obolensky, and I saw him being presented to the Duchess of Norfolk, who had brought her daughter, the Lady Rachel Howard, with her. Lady Trele, I noticed, wore a frock with a distinct bustle effect. She it was who first returned to the quite long skirt.

Bachelor Earl.

The Earl of Perth, who owns about 7,000 acres in Scotland, spends most of his time quietly in Devonshire. He is frequently to be seen, I am told, in one of the smaller resorts on the south coast of Devon, a carelessly-dressed figure, with a longish beard. He is well known locally for his kindness of heart towards children and animals. He was for some time a civilian prisoner in Germany.

Disraeli's "Tancred."

Disraeli's "Tancred" will be done at the Kingsway Theatre on July 16, and the leading rôle will be played by Diana Bourbon, a Franco-American actress new to London. She played in the New York production of "Loyalties."

Examinations' Test?

Are examinations a real test of ability? The President of the Board of Education has just been expressing the opinion that they are a very poor test; but I am disposed to join issue. Some time ago I carefully analysed the Cambridge Tripos lists, and I found that, on the whole, Senior Wranglers had been more successful in after life than Second Wranglers, and Second Wranglers more successful than Third Wranglers, etc.

Ypres Hall of Memory.

Work has just commenced, I hear, on the Memorial Arch at Menin Gate, Ypres, designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, to commemorate those buried in unknown graves in the Ypres sector. The name of every man "missing" will be engraved with a suitable inscription in a Hall of Memory, 66ft. wide by 115ft. long. It is formed by a single vault, half elliptical in section, lighted by three openings in the crown of the vaulting.

Empire Memorials.

The Ypres monument is part of the scheme of the Governments of the Empire, who intend that the name of every officer and man who fell in the war should appear on some memorial. Each sector will have its own memorial. Armentieres, Bethune, Arras, Albert, St. Quentin, Cambrai, Pozieres and Soissons are some of the sites selected. The Salonica memorial is to be at Colonial Hill, Lake Doiran, and the Italian in Giverra British Cemetery. Gallipoli, Palestine and Egypt are also to have memorials.

People We Know.

Valentine, who has written our new serial, "When Hearts Are True," which begins today, has the faculty of making his characters live and move before our eyes, so that they are more like people we visit every day than the creations of a novelist's fancy. The fortunes of John and Peggy, his new lovers, will, I am certain, be followed with enjoyment.

Flying Boat.

What is claimed by its builders as the first actual flying boat, the Sea Eagle, has successfully completed her trials on sea, land and in the air. She is the first flying machine to be designed with a boat bow, an innovation in hull design for flying machines, and is of the type to be used as air links for transatlantic passenger liners. She will carry six passengers and luggage, besides the pilot. One of these machines has been entered for the King's Cup.



Mrs. Edmond Folljambe, daughter of a Polish landowner, who met her husband while nursing in France.



Mr. Nigel Barrie, the Cheltenham boy who achieved film fame in America, acting with the Talmadge sisters.

At Wimbledon.

The Duchess of York was a charming and vivacious figure in the committee stand at Wimbledon yesterday, where she arrived with the Duke of York in time to see most of the Hunter v. Lowe match. Both of them are keen lawn tennis players, and I saw them comparing notes about the matches. They stayed for the Johnson-Norton duel.

Not the Black Cap.

Studies in headwear were a feature of the Johnston match. Norton started the sartorial game by putting on an old slouch hat when he faced the sun. And in the last set Johnston produced a quaint sports cap of light-coloured tweed. As he put it on before delivering "sentence of death," a laugh went up that momentarily interrupted the game.

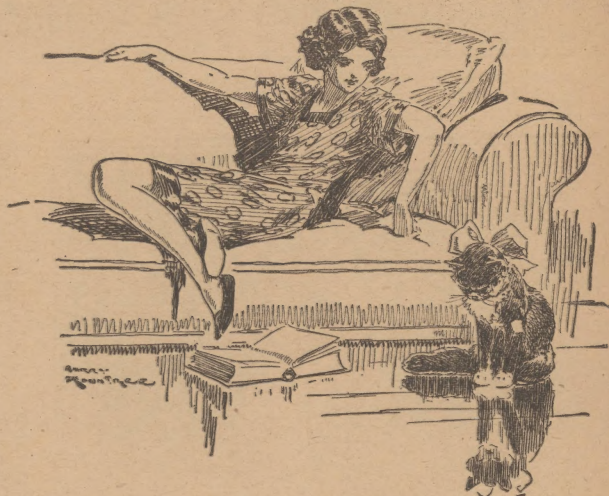
Ireland's Cardinal.

Cardinal Logue, in spite of his great age (eighty-three) rises before seven every morning, even in winter, and celebrates Mass at eight. He is able to take only moderate exercise. Forty-four years a Bishop and thirty years Cardinal, he still goes through the diocese on ecclesiastical Visitations. He is a great traveller even now.

American Classical Dancers.

A company of classical dancers who will appear at the Palladium next week for a season are well known in America as the "Marion Morgan Dancers." Miss Morgan and all her company are graduates of the University of California.

THE RAMBLER.

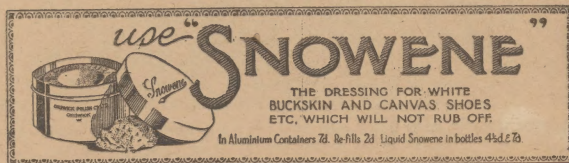


"Oh, you conceited Puss! always looking at yourself in the floor now it is polished with Mansion Polish."

MANSION POLISH

quickly gives a beautiful mirror-like surface to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum

SOLD IN TINS, 4d., 7d., 1/- and 1/9



FATHER NEPTUNE PAYS A VISIT TO YARMOUTH CARNIVAL AND



Jonah made a voyage in a whale. Father Neptune and King Herring were content with The Shark.



Queen Carnival surrounded by her merry court of revellers.



RUHR TRAIN OUTRAGE.—One of the wrecked coaches and the damaged bridge after the explosion of a bomb on the Hochfeld railway bridge, near Duisberg. Eighteen Belgian soldiers were killed.



The procession of decorated cars in honour of Father Neptune's visit passing through the streets.



An old bo



WANDSWORTH FETE.—The Mayor of Wandsworth trying his luck at the wheel of fortune at the country fair in aid of the funds of the South London Hospital for Women.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

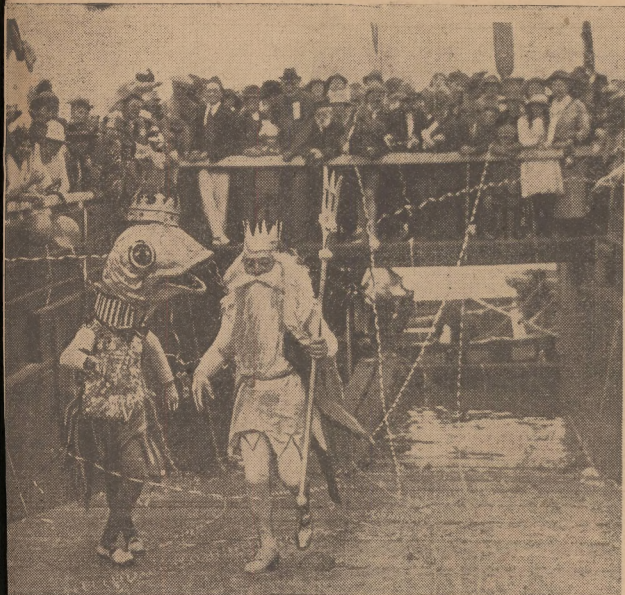


Albert Edward Burrows, who yesterday was sentenced to death for the murder of Hannah Calladine and her son.



A group of merry youngsters in dainty costume taking part in the festivities. Yarmouth's carnival was enlivened yesterday by the visit of King Neptune and his son, King Herring.

COMPANIED BY HIS SON KING HERRING AND HIS MERRY COURT



Father Neptune landing, accompanied by King Herring, for the aquatic revels.



The famous denizens of the deep riding in triumph in the procession.



which figured in The time-honoured ceremony of shaving and ducking to mark first acquaintance with Father Neptune.



LONDON WEDDING.—Bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the wedding yesterday of Mr. Ernie George Hankinson and Miss Hilda Muriel Sykes at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



HOMES FOR DISABLED.— Lieutenant-Colonel Moore Brabazon speaking at the inauguration of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Homes



Mr. George Lupino, the old pantomimist, whose painting of the Crucifixion is to be hung in Wandsworth Old Parish Church.



A happy picture typical of the gay scenes characteristic of the carnival celebrations. take part in the aquatic revels and a procession of decorated cars.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



KENSINGTON PALACE DONKEY SHOW.—A smart turn-out at the donkey show held yesterday in Kensington Palace Field. Inset is the Marchioness of Milford Haven, handing a prize to Mr. J. Duckworth's little girl.—(Daily Mirror

THIS FASCINATING NEW SERIAL ROMANCE BEGINS TO-DAY

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By VALENTINE



Peggy Chelsfield.

CHAPTER I.

LET me introduce you to Peggy—Elizabeth Vénérique, if you prefer to be baptistically correct, but Peggy, methinks, fits her better. For there are only sixty-four little inches of her—even taking into account her slim high-heeled shoes—and she is quite, quite pretty enough to carry one of those diminutives which we all instinctively associate with the Littlest Girls.

As she stands there in the quiet London square, gazing into the windows of the old curiosity shop this wonderful June morning, you can study her at your leisure, for she is far too rapt in her attention to notice you and far too serene and clear-eyed in her nineteen years of healthy, joyous girlhood to be affected by your glances if she did.

Not that I think she would disapprove of your honest admiration. No really pretty girl does. And Peggy is pretty! Pretty, not only in face and the sweet, slender lines of youth, but with the freshness, the poise, the wide-eyed serenity, and the indefinable something—call it what you may, from chic to breeding—that it is not there, can never be acquired.

For some moments she continued to scan the contents of the window, with its brass bowls, its copper, china, tapestried chairs and all the hundred-and-one odds and ends that go to make up the contents of a curio dealer's shop. Then, with a little regretful sigh, she moved away and stepped out to cross the road.

It was at that precise moment that John Smith came out of his back office into the front of the curio shop, just in time to see a taxi whizz round the corner. The rest was merely an impression; a sudden consciousness of horror as he saw the girl flung to the pavement, and then the impulse that sent him dashing out into the street.

Just for a moment his heart stood still as he bent over her, for he thought she was killed. Then as he saw her eyelids quiver he picked her up into his arms and with a curt exclamation to the chauffeur of the taxi who was hovering at his side, carried her into the shop and laid her down on a sofa.

"Water, Jim! Quick!" he cried to the little red-haired snub-nosed boy who was gazing awestruck at her.

"Righto, guv'nor!"

In a moment the boy was back again and John Smith was tenderly dabbing water on the girl's face.

Presently Peggy opened big violet eyes and stared up in a perplexed way.

Above her, she saw a big bronzed man of about five-and-twenty, clean shaven, with a very anxious look in his blue eyes as he gazed at her. Then she saw the anxiety slip away and a look of relief come over his face.

"Thank goodness!" he said. "That's splendid."

"Who are you? Where am I? Oh—!" a cry of pain broke from her lips.

"What's the matter?" he asked quickly.

"Only my ankle! I remember now! I suppose I fainted!"

"Drink some water!" John Smith lifted it to her lips, smiling encouragingly. As he saw the colour creep back into her cheeks, he said to the boy: "Here, Jim, hop across to Dr. Bates and tell him to come over at once!"

"Oh, but I'm giving you such trouble!" murmured the girl, trying to rise. "I—"

John Smith put his hand on her shoulder and pressed her gently back.

"Please lie still!" he said. "Apart from anything else you've had a nasty shock. You must be feeling all anyhow! I know I should be!"

She smiled appreciatively.

"Don't quite know—what happened—till I woke up!" she murmured. "Something—bit me!"

Here the chauffeur, who had been standing by twisting his cap uncomfortably, broke in.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

"I'm awfully sorry, miss, but—"

"You'd no business to come round that corner so fast!" interrupted John Smith sharply. "It's lucky for you this lady isn't killed!"

At that moment the door opened, and a tall, spectacled man, a bag in his hand, came briskly in. John Smith handed the bag to him and whispered a few words in his ear. Then he turned to the chauffeur again as the doctor went over and sat down by the girl.

"Write down your name, address and number!" he said curdly.

Then he escorted him out, closed the door quickly and tip-toed back, obvious anxiety in his eyes.

"No bones broken, luckily!" said the doctor. John Smith noticed that he had taken off one of the girl's shoes and stockings, and was examining one slim white ankle and bare foot. "Only a slight sprain!" said the doctor, producing a bandage from his bag. "Just a matter of a few days' rest!"

"You see, I'm almost a fraud," smiled the girl to John Smith.

"I'm so thankful it's nothing more serious!"

"All the same, old man," said the doctor in an undertone a few minutes later, as John Smith showed him out of the shop. "I don't think I should move her for half an hour or so. She's had a pretty nasty shock and she might faint again. D'you know where she lives?"

"Haven't a notion. But I'll find out later and drive her home myself. Thanks so much, old chap!"

"What were you saying about me?" queried the girl when he had come back and drawn a chair up beside her.

"That you've got to be condemned to lie still for half an hour. Then—P'm afraid"—with a whimsical smile—"I can't even ask your permission, as it's the doctor's orders—I'm going to send for a taxi and drive you home."

"If it's doctor's orders," she said, with the suggestion of a twinkle in her eyes, "I mustn't disobey. But I'm hindering you frightfully in your work, aren't I?"

"Not a bit. I don't get many people in here."

"I don't think it would be awfully interesting to have a place like this, isn't it? I was looking in at your window just before this happened, wishing I had lots of money."

"Frankly, this man puzzled her. There was an indefinable air about him that seemed quite out of place in the dingy old shop."

His voice and his whole manner suggested breeding.

"Everything's interesting if you view it from the right angle," he said, with a smile. "As a matter of fact, I'm running it for a pal of mine who is in my regiment."

For the next half-hour they chatted together gaily. Finally the girl said hesitatingly:

"If you put me into a cab, I think—I think I should be all right. I don't like—"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind my coming with you?" said John Smith, colouring a little. "I should feel safer about you."

"I'd sooner you came," Her clear eyes rested on his.

"I don't feel very grand. My thought is not to take up your time."

He carried her out in his arms to the taxi, conscious, as she laid her head on his shoulder, that his heart was beating a shade quicker than usual.

Then the girl gave the chauffeur an address in St. John's Wood.

As they drove up at the house he turned to her.

"Will you let me get out first and tell your father? I'm so afraid it might give him a shock if I saw you carried in!"

But at that moment an elderly man, with a genial face and white hair and moustache, came striding down to the garden gate.

"It's all right, dad!" called the girl. "There's nothing wrong!"

"Your daughter had a slight accident, sir," put in John Smith. "So I took the liberty of bringing her home in a cab."

Bless my soul! The old man was at the cab door with a second anxiety on his face. Then:

"Are you all safe, my darling?"

"Quite, dad! Just a sprained ankle—nothing more! Thanks to this gentleman."

"But, sir, I interrupted the old man, grasping the other's hand. "And I do most heartily!"

"Oh, it's nothing, sir, really! Will you allow me to carry her in, or would you—?"

"No, no. You bring her in! Ah, you've had a doctor already, I see," noticing the girl's bandaged ankle.

"Yes, sir. It happened just outside my place."

"Well, well, let's thank heaven it's nothing worse."

A few moments later John Smith took his leave, although both Dr. Chelsfield and Peggy pressed him to stay to lunch.

"Now, dearest," said her father as he sat

down by the girl's side, "let's hear all about it and how it happened."

Then when she had finished,

"It's a mercy you weren't killed! That chauffeur ought to have his licence endorsed! So this chap keeps a curio shop, does he? Very interesting!"

"I rather liked the way he wouldn't stay to lunch," mused the girl.

"Wouldn't take advantage of the fact that we were under an obligation to him. There's your real gentleman."

"But you must go down and thank him, dad."

"Of course. Just wait till you get well, darling, and we'll go, and call on him. That's the least we can do."

"Rather!" replied the girl. "I'd love to."

THE BUBBLE.

A CONSTANT visitor at Whitechapel Cottage, St. John's Wood, where lived Dr. Chelsfield, his wife, and daughter Peggy, once likened that establishment to a triangle whereof Peggy and her father formed the two equal sides.

The same authority had also added that though Mrs. Chelsfield served as the necessary connection in this figure of three, she was responsible for more angles than three Euclid had ever invented or imagined.

Surmise often ran riot as to how the doctor had ever come to marry her at all. For Mrs. Chelsfield, the daughter of an impecunious baronet, was steeped in aristocracy and family trees to her finger tips. A somewhat supercilious, rather faded lady, who always imagined she was suffering from a collection of complicated nervous disorders, she was as cordially disliked by those who knew her as her husband was loved.

Worshipping Good Form, which she spelt with larger capitals than any composer ever visualised, she had a distinct aversion to anything "low," and would rather have gone to the stake than associate with anyone whom she considered beneath her in the social scale.

Naturally, of course, so muchachoously does that little imp Cupid work, the man she married was one who viewed the world and the folks in it with the deeper insight and breadth

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"How can you say such things? He is a gentleman and—"

"Keeps a shop, my dear!"

"So do all amounts of peccage!"

"The new peccage—not the old. It's not done!"

"My dear Annie!" exclaimed the doctor. "For once in a way I entirely disagree with you. It's the man who makes the business, not the business that makes the man! We lie under a big obligation to this young fellow for saving our girl's life. The least—the very least we can do is to ask him to tea up here to-day."

"To dinner! A shopkeeper!" gasped Mrs. Chelsfield.

"Well, apart from anything else, my dear," said the doctor with a touch of asperity, "I think you might trust to Peggy's judgment and mine! I don't mind saying that I took to him, and if he cares to accept our hospitality I shall most certainly offer it to him!"

"As you please, James!" said his wife with a resigned air.

Ten days later Peggy and her father drove down to the curio shop.

"Want to have a look at all your pretty things," said the doctor, "for he and our daughter had shaken hands with the young man and the latter had inquired after the girl's ankle."

Peggy has been rhapsodising over this place of yours!"

"There's a lot of rubbish here, sir, I'm afraid! I'm getting rid of it as quickly as I can and replacing it with good stuff!"

"I'm afraid the young man will feel a little judge, aren't you?"

"I know something about it, sir. I used to dabble in it when—"

He stopped abruptly, colouring a little.

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(Continued on page 12.)

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For chronic constipation take Kalsel.—(Advt.) sailings free; also apartment list.—M. W. Clague, perial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, E.O. 4.

For chronic constipation take Kalsel.—(Advt.)

Price **6½d.** per Tablet



It contains the emollients which have made SNOWFLAKE Brand Toilet Soap famous, and by its gentle soothing action will relieve the clogged pores of the face, remove foreign matter, and tone up the tissues.

Silver Cobles.—12.50 p.m. Leander (Nickalls and Playford) v. Ersham (Osborne and Wadhams); 5.30, Merton (Ox.) (Milling and Irvine) v. Pembroke (Cam.) (Craig and Collett).

Diamond Sculls.—2.35 p.m., M. K. Morris v. S. Earl; 3.20, R. S. Codman v. D. H. L. Gollan; 4.5, R. S. Bosshard v. H. A. Belysa; 5.25, K. E. B. Wilson v. J. Beresford, jun.

Wyld Cup.—4.50 p.m. Jesus (Cam.) v. Thames R.C.



Valentine,
the Popular
Author of
Our Brilliant
New Serial.

Our New
Serial

'When Hearts Are True'

Begins
To-day

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

Peggy,
the Charming
Heroine in
'When Hearts
Are True.'



GENTLEMEN SCORE WELL AT THE OVAL

SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIPS REACH FINAL STAGE



N. V. H. Riches, the Glamorgan cricketer, who made 81 for the Gentlemen against the Players yesterday, mistiming a ball from Astill.



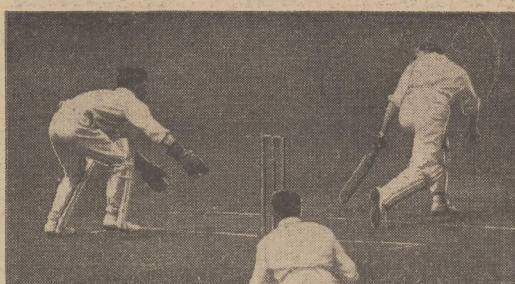
Mrs. Beamish playing Mlle. Lenglen, by whom she was defeated in a semi-final in two love sets.



B. I. C. Norton in his match with W. M. Johnston, who beat him 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.



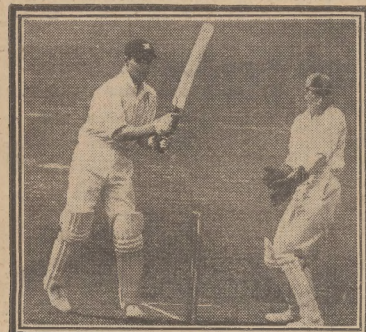
A. P. F. Chapman caught behind the wicket by Smith, after making 83 for the Gentlemen at the Oval. He made a big stand with Riches.



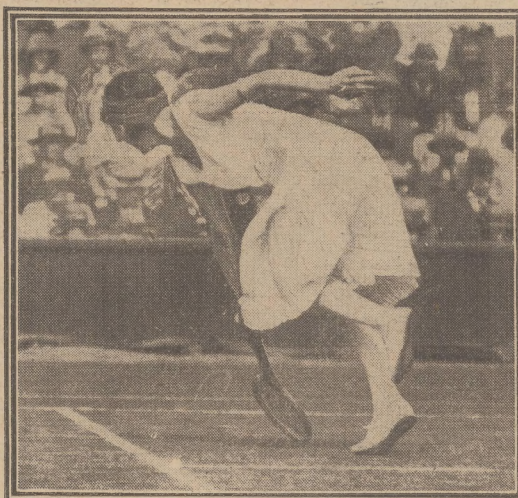
Smith, the Players' wicket-keeper, threatening Riches during the match.



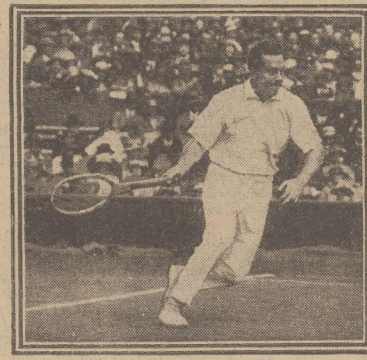
Gordon-Lowe (right), who put up a remarkably patient fight, congratulating Hunter.



G. T. S. Stevens, of Oxford University, hitting out against the M.C.C. at Lord's yesterday. He made 115 before being caught by Gilbert off Hearne.



Mlle. Lenglen has now to defend her title against Miss McKane.



F. T. Hunter in play against F. Gordon-Lowe, who went down 6-3, 7-5, 6-4.

The lawn tennis singles championships passed into the final stage at Wimbledon yesterday. Two U.S. players, Johnston and Hunter, contest the men's title, while Miss McKane has to meet Mlle. Lenglen for the women's championship.—(Daily Mirror.)